

1884
31 Aug '85
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From the New Orleans Delta.
Ballads for the Young South.
Men of the South! rise up
In fierce and firm array
Their sabre banners lift the air—
An insult to the day!
The Sights of Crowell rise again
In sanctimonious pride,
Hiding beneath the garb of peace
A million ruthless aids.
From North, from East, and West, they seek
The same disastrous goal,
With Christ upon the flying lip,
And Satan in the soul,
Mocking, with ancient Shabbath,
All wise and just restraint—
To the Sights of Heaven was Empire given,
And was alone as Satan!

Men of the South! Look up—behold
The deep and subtle gloom
Which darkens o'er your sunny land
With thunder in its womb!
Are you so blind you cannot see
The omens in the sky?
Are you so deaf you cannot hear
The tramp of coming night?
Are you so dull you will not see
The whips and scorns of men,
Who hide the heart of Titus Oates
Beneath the words of Ponce?
Are you so base, that you will look,
Ye will not gladly stand,
For land and life, for child and wife,
With naked neck in hand?
Sons of the brave, the time is come
To bow the haughty crest,
Or stand alone despite the threats
Of North, of East, or West!
The hour is come for manly deeds
And not for puny words—
The hour is past for platitudinal
It is the time for sword!
And by the name of John Calhoun,
To honest truth be true,
And by old Jackson's iron will,
Now do what ye can do,
By all ye love and all ye hope,
The resolve and proud,
And make your flag a symbol high
Of triumph—or a shroud!

THE MISSING LETTER.
CONCLUDED.

Miss Sterling returned to Layton on the evening of her interview with Selina, as recorded in the previous chapter, with sad and sorrowful thoughts—the more so, that she was forbidden to confide them even to her mother. But she had little leisure to brood over them in the weeks ensuing, for a change for the worse occurred in her father's state, and it was evident that his thread of life was worn nearly to its end. The farmer held many an anxious conversation with his wife and daughter touching his worldly affairs. It was intended that the farm should be given up after his death, but several months must elapse before that could be effected, and who was to manage the farm in the meantime? One Sunday evening, in particular, the farmer seemed unusually restless and anxious on this score. His wife in vain besought him not to disturb himself—that she and Anne should manage very well.

"I should have died with ease, I tell ye, if I could have left ye with a trusty boy and over-looker," persisted the farmer. "Anne has got her head on her shoulders the right way, I know; but women can't see much to out-door things. If that John Ledbetter had not got the mark upon him, there's not a man I'd so soon have left as him. He's a down-right good farmer."

Anna cleared her throat and spoke up timidly: "Father," she said, "I by no means feel sure that John Ledbetter was guilty. A few words he let fall the night he was taking care of you gave rise to a powerful doubt of it in my mind."

"Elm, girl!" cried Farmer Sterling, in bewilderment. "I would not surprise me to find that he was innocent. Of course—There he is! broke off Anne, seeing John Ledbetter advance, from her seat by the window. 'I dare say he is coming here to inquire after you.'"

"Let him come up," rejoined the farmer. Mr. Ledbetter entered. None looking at him now could suppose he had the brand of a thief upon him, still less that he was a common day-laborer, for he bore the stamp of a gentleman in his dress and manner—in his superior black clothes and his manly form and countenance. Mr. Sterling asked him to take a chair, and Anne put one forward; the first time for many years that he had been invited to a seat in that house.

"John Ledbetter," began the farmer, "since I lay here I have had many things in my mind. That old business of yours is one of 'em, and something Anne has just been saying has brought it back again. So when you came to the door, in the very nick of time, the thought came over me that I'd ask you, once again, if you could, or would, make things clearer. It's all over and done for now, however it might have been, but I should like to know the truth. I'm a dying man, John Ledbetter, and it would be a rest to my mind."

A deep crimson hue dyed the face of John Ledbetter. Once, twice, he essayed to speak, and no words came; but when he did find speech, it was that of a truthful earnest-minded man.

me. I met, even from my brothers, with nothing but disbelief and contumely. They were impressed with the conviction that my innocence was an impossibility. I do not blame them: I should myself so have judged another, accused under the same circumstances; and even she, who was more to me than my own life, joined in the scorn and shook me off. I took an oath, a rash one, perhaps, that I would never leave the county till my innocence was established. So I have lived since by the sweat of my brow, shunned by and shunning my equals; never ceasing, in secret, my endeavors to trace out the lost note, but as yet without success. I have spoken truth, Farmer Sterling."

"I do believe you have," murmured the dying man. "May God make up to you the persecutions you have endured, John Ledbetter!"

Farmer Sterling died a man of substance, worth several thousand pounds, and John Ledbetter discarded his smock-frock when he was appointed manager of the farm by Mrs. Sterling. And thus a few weeks went by.

The post-office at Higham was closed for the night, and its master sat drinking brandy and water in his sitting room. It was only ten o'clock, very early for him to be at home, but he had come in, saying he was not well. Mrs. Gramo sat by his side in a sullen state of rebellion. He had received his salary two days before, had looked it up in one of his iron safes, and had given her none. A desperate resolution was stealing over her—and the reader may justify or condemn her according to his own opinion—that as soon as her husband should sleep she would go down to the office, and take some of this money for her pressing necessities.

"What's the matter?" inquired Mr. Gramo. "I have no sugar for you," she resentfully answered. "I told you there was none for the baby to-day."

The postmaster, in a jocular tone, for he had taken enough, consigned his wife and child to a very far-off place, drank some brandy neat, and pulled open the side-board cupboard in search of the sugar-bags. There it stood, full of sugar. So he paid his wife another worthy compliment. "It is not my sugar," she exclaimed, "or meant for you. My cousin Anne was here to-day, and bought it for the baby."

He answered by dropping some into his glass. "And what says did Anne Sterling bring?" he said, in a mocking tone, as he lighted a cigar; "fresh praisers of their new manager, the thief Ledbetter?"

"It was not Ledbetter who was the thief—she told me that news," Mrs. Gramo replied, in a raised, and almost a hysterical voice; for the information had its effect upon her. "John Ledbetter was innocent, and the crime was committed by another. I ought to have known it from the first."

A fearful change came over Walter Gramo. His face turned to a deadly whiteness, his cigar fell from his lips, and his teeth chattered in his head. "Ledbetter innocent," he gasped forth. "Did he say who took it? How did it come to light?"

"What is the matter with you?" cried Mrs. Gramo, in astonishment. "Are you so full of hatred to John Ledbetter that the hearing of his innocence should affect you in this manner?"

stidly sobbed him, but he was stupefied still. "Nobody can prosecute but you, Selina," he abjectly stammered in his confusion. "You will not refuse to hush it up for your husband?"

"Tell me the truth, and I will not prosecute," she violently answered, humoring his fears. "Did you do it on purpose to ruin John Ledbetter?"

"No, no," he uttered: "I was hard up—I was indeed, Selina. I did not know where to turn for money, and if my debts had come to the knowledge of the old man he would have disinherited me. So when this fifty pounds came, like a temptation, before me, I took it. That's the whole truth."

"You took it!" she repeated. "After it was given to John Ledbetter?"

"It never was given to him. As the old man dropped it in the bag, some one came to the window, and my father turned to answer. It was Stone, the barber. I twined the letter out then, and the old governor closed the bag and never knew it. But I did not use it, Selina; the money's there now: I could not find an immediate opportunity of changing it away, and then there was such a hubbub struck up that I never dared to."

"And I could make this man my husband!" she muttered—"the father of my unhappy children! Traitor! coward! how dare you thrust yourself into the society of honest people!"

His only answer was to stagger to the table, and drink a deep draught of the spirit on it. It revived his courage.

"Had I had my old father had a dream a night or two before he died. He dreamed that Ledbetter was innocent, and charged me to make it up to him. Me! as if my dog-damning of the truth had penetrated to his brain. I did not like that dream: it has cowed me, since, whenever I have thought of it, and now it has come out. But there's one part, Selina, which is glorious to think of still—that I outwitted him of his bride."

She might have done him an injury had she remained in the room longer, for her feelings were worked up to a pitch of agitation bordering upon madness. She went up-stairs, bolted herself in the room with her children, and threw herself, undressed, on the bed. Her husband did not attempt to follow her.

The next afternoon she sat at Layton, awaiting the Hill House Paria. Near the front gate she encountered John Ledbetter. "It is you I have come to see," she said.

Old Mrs. Sterling, when she saw the arrival of these masses from her bed-room window, screamed out to Molly and Martha, believing the people must see a fire on the farm, and were coming to put it out. John Ledbetter's hands were nearly shaken off, and many a bold voice, at other times, was not ashamed of its own emotion, as it pleaded for forgiveness and renewed friendship. Everybody was for doing something. Some were for drawing John into Higham in triumph, and then chaining him round the town, as they did the city members; a few thought of asking the King to knight him; and John's brothers—who had got on in the world—whispered that the money to set him up, in any form he chose to fix on in the county, was at his command. John was good-humoredly thanked them all, and to wards evening the last visitor was got rid of. He then turned to Miss Sterling.

"They have been speaking of a recompense," he said to her, in a low tone: "there is only one thing that would seem such to me; and that is not in their power to give. It is in yours, Anne."

Miss Sterling's eyes fell beneath his, a rich, conscious color rose to her cheeks, and there was the same expression on her face that John Ledbetter had never seen but once before, many years ago, when he had declared his love for Selina Cleve. He had thought then—in his vanity—that it betrayed a liking for him; and he thought it—not in his vanity—again now.

"Anne," he tenderly whispered, drawing her to him, "that dreadful misfortune, which, when it overwhelmed me, seemed far worse than death, was sent for one wise purpose; perhaps for others, though we may not yet see it. But for that I should have linked my fate with your cousin's, and neglected you—a most worthy, and now long best-loved. Will you forgive my early blindness—which I have lately wondered at, or will you shrink from bearing the name of one who has been branded through the county as a felon?"

Closer and closer he drew her to him, and she suffered herself to remain there, nesting in his arms. No words escaped her, but she was inwardly resolving, in her heart, to happiness—a glimpse of which had recently hovered on her spirit—that her love and care should make up to him for the past.

"Hooray!" shouted old Molly, when she heard the news: "we shan't be to give up the farm now, for Mr. John will take it on his own hands. Dear Miss, I shall say my prayers to-night with a thankful heart."

SENATE.—August 7.—The Senate took up the army appropriation bill, the question being on striking out the following amendment made to it in the House, namely: "Provided that no part of the military force of the United States shall be employed to aid in the enforcement of the alleged laws of the Legislative Assembly of Kansas, convened at Shawnee Mission, until Congress shall declare whether the laws are valid or not, and passed by a legislature chosen in conformity with the organic law; and until Congress shall so act, it shall be the duty of the President to use the military force of the United States to preserve the peace, suppress insurrection, repel invasion and protect the persons and property of citizens therein, and in the highway of Missouri and elsewhere, against unlawful seizure and search; and that the President disarm the present militia, recall all the United States arms, and prevent armed men from going into the Territory to disturb the public peace, or enforce real or pretended laws."

Mr. Hunter said the amendment was irrelevant, and if there were no other reason, it should be rejected; but for the House to insert such a proposition and to insist upon it, to stop the wheels of government, was not only factious, but revolutionary.

Mr. Wilson said if the bill should fall to pass, the responsibility will rest on the Senate and not on the House, which made a thorough examination of the affairs of Kansas, and ascertained there had been a violation of the organic law, trampling down the rights of the people. The House had acted with patriotism and intelligence.

Mr. Wade maintained that invaders made no citizen ought to submit. "Force, the traitor," he said, "now sits in the executive chair, stimulating the people, as fast as he can, to civil war. The object of the House's amendment was to prevent outrages in Kansas, and should meet the approbation of every patriot."

HEROISM OF A YOUNG LADY.—The Boston Courier, speaking of the burning of the steamer John Jay, on Lake George, says: "The nobility of Miss Kate Gore's conduct during the excitement and the struggle for life on board the John Jay rises to the dignity and sublimity of poetry: She was travelling under the protection of her friend and neighbor, Mr. Pritchard; and when danger was imminent, she turned to him, 'Sir, take care of Mrs. Pritchard: I can swim.' Thus saying, she tripped forward, with a mind composed and a determination fixed, and passed over the side of the burning vessel. The distance from the shore was then over a mile; but she—relying upon her own strength and courage, and being unwilling to embarrass others who might have dearer charges—undertook to save herself. She swam a mile, and became exhausted. A good boatman, observing that she failed, pushed to her relief and succeeded in reaching her in time. He took her into his skiff and landed her safely. She, in a transport of joy, and true to that nature which is always grand, rewarded him with a gift more precious to his manly heart than gold."

NIAGARA.—A most daring and perilous feat was performed at Niagara Falls yesterday. A man named P. Jackson actually swam across Niagara river between the Falls and Suspension Bridge. This, we believe, is the first time the feat was ever attempted. It was successfully performed in presence of a large number of spectators. Jackson is employed by the New York Central Railroad Company, and has established his reputation as an adventurer. He is the man who walked the ladder bridge from the ice last winter to Bird Island, above the Falls. This was deemed a daring feat; but, to our notion, this last exceeds it in danger and boldness.—Rochester Union, Monday.

JONAH OUTDOSE.—The Pittsburgh Express dishes up the following paragraph from a paper published in 1767: "On a passage to Jamaica, with troops on board, a little boy, who was a fifer, sitting on the gunwales, by a sudden roll of the ship fell overboard, and was directly swallowed by a shark. A hook was baited with a piece of beef and thrown over the stern, which was seized by the shark, and he was presently hauled on board. On opening the shark, the boy was found snugly seated between two ribs, and unconcerned, playing a tune on his fife."

CURE FOR HEAVENS IN HORSES.—A farmer informs us that he has recently cured two of his horses, which had the heaves badly, by the use of the following remedy: To three quarts of sweet milk add a teaspoonful of sulphuric acid, (oil of vitriol), and mix with the horse's feed. Give at first three times a week, and afterwards once or twice, as there may seem occasion, for a week longer. Our informant says, there was little appearance of the heaves after the first week.

RAIN.—Many years ago a bet was made by a distinguished Virginian with an English Lord of £1 a year, to increase in geometrical progression for the next succeeding twenty years, that it would rain in the county of Chesterfield, Virginia, his place of residence, on the first Saturday of August in every year. The result was, he won eighteen times, and lost twice! That is, his winning was £24,288, and losing £2.

A lady writes from New York: "We have to dress about nine times a day here. First we put on a dress to dress in. Then we are ready for breakfast. After that we dress for dinner, then for the drive, then for the ball, and then for the bed. If that isn't being put through a regular course of dexterity and diamonds, then I am no judge of such performances."

An ignorant, but well meaning man, having been placed on the commission of the peace in a rural district in England, declared, on taking his seat as a magistrate, "that it would indeed be his most anxious endeavor to do justice without fear, favor, or affection." "In short," said he, emphatically, "I will take care that on this bench I will never be either partial or impartial."

SPANISH WHEAT.—Mr. Alex. Allgood desires us to give his experience with the Spanish Spring Wheat. He sowed, in his garden, three and a half tea-spoonfuls, which has yielded about one gallon. The grain is large and white. Mr. A. recommends that this wheat be sowed in February; however, he intends sowing both in October and February, and with our respect some interesting results.—Knox's Courier.

REMARKABLE CASE.—Mrs. Julia Sayles, wife of John Sayles, of Blackstone, Mass., died on the 14th ult., of dropsy, from which she had suffered for five years. During this time she had been "tapped" upwards of one hundred and forty times, and more than three thousand pounds of water were extracted!

TO REMOVE FRECKLES.—The favorite cosmetic for removing freckles, in Paris, consists of one ounce of alum, one ounce of lemon juice, and a pint of rose water.

Headquarters.
UNIONVILLE, S. C.
ORDER NO.
The Regiments of 9th Brigade, S. C. M., will parade for Drill and Review, as follows: The 35th Regiment of Infantry will parade at Unionville, on Thursday, 7th August next. The 36th Regiment of Infantry will parade at Bonham's Old Field, on Wednesday, the 13th August next.

The 37th Regiment at Wilkens' Old Field, on Saturday, the 16th August next. The 34th Regiment at Yorkville, on Tuesday, the 19th August next. The 45th Regiment at Ebenezer, on Thursday, the 21st August next.

CHEROKEE SPRINGS.
F. CANTRELL, Proprietor.
THIS pleasant Summer resort is now in complete repair, and ready for the entertainment of a large company of visitors.

S. W. GILLILAND.
GENERAL COMMISSION AGENT.
NEWBERRY, S. C.
RESPECTFULLY offers his services to all those who trade at Newberry, as their General Commission Agent, for the disposal of their Cotton and other produce.

S. T. AGNEW,
Newberry Court House,
Importer and Dealer
IN HARDWARE, PAINTS, OILS, WINDOW GLASS, CROCKERY, GENERAL DRY GOODS, HATS, SHOES, AND CLOTHING, &c., &c.

Fisk's Patent Burial Cases!
THE subscriber is agent for the sale of FISK'S PATENT BURIAL CASES—Cloth-covered or Branded—in which a body can be kept or transported any distance, without danger from decomposition or vermin.

Cabinet Making.
HE is also a CABINET MAKER, and prepared to furnish New Cabinet Ware at short notice, and also to repair old furniture on reasonable terms, and solicits a call at his rooms on Main-st., Spartanburg, below the Court House.

SUNDRIES.
AT THE Family Drug and Prescription Store of FISHER & HEINTZSH, Fig Blue, White Wax, Corn Starch, Tapioca, Parian, Pearl Sago, Pearl Barley, Gelatine, Arrow Root, English Mustard, Sweet Health Chocolate, Pure Ground Spices, Distilled Rose Water, Orange Flower Water, Flavoring Extracts, Salad Oil, Sauter and Bordenant, Black Pepper, Allspice, Cloves, Cinnamon, Nutmegs, Mace, Jamaica Ginger, Rice Ginger, &c., &c.

MUSIC!
A VERY large selection of the best and latest improved PIANOS of all kinds can be had at
RAMSAY'S
PIANO-FORTE AND MUSIC STORE
COLUMBIA, S. C.
He invites a special examination of the late patented improvements in Hallet, Davis & Co's celebrated Pianos. Every piano guaranteed.

A Sovereign Remedy.
FOR all bowel affections, is JACOBS' CORN DIAL. Get a bottle and try it. For sale by FISHER & HEINTZSH, Unionville, S. C.
June 25 1885

Cartier's Spanish Mixture.
THE GREAT PURIFIER OF THE BLOOD!
THE BEST ALTERNATIVE KNOWN!
NOT A PARTICLE OF MERCURY!
An infallible remedy for Scrofula, King's Evil, Rheumatism, Obsolete Cutaneous Eruptions, Pimples or Blisters on the Face, Eruptions on the Boils, Ague and Fever, Chlorosis, Sore Eyes, Ringworm, or Tetter, Scald-head, Enlargement and pain of the Bones and Joints, Salt Rheum, Stubborn Ulcers, Syphilis, &c., &c.

This great Alterative Medicine and Purifier of the Blood is now used by thousands of grateful patients from all parts of the United States, who testify daily to the remarkable cures performed by the greatest of all medicines, "CARTIER'S SPANISH MIXTURE." It is a powerful Blood Purifier, Scrofula, Eruptions on the Skin, Liver Disease, Fevers, Ulcers, Old Sores, Ache of the Kidneys, Diseases of the Throat, Female Complaints, Pains and Aching of the Bones and Joints, &c., &c. specially put to flight by using this unassailable remedy.

For all diseases of the Blood, nothing has yet been found to compare with it. It cleanses the system of all impurities, acts gently and efficiently on the Liver and Kidneys, strengthens the Digestion, gives tone to the system, makes the Skin clear and healthy, and restores the Constitution, enfeebled by disease or broken down by the excesses of youth, to its pristine vigor and strength. For the diseases of females it is peculiarly adapted, and wherever it is used, it is regularly prescribed with the happiest effects. It invigorates the weak and debilitated, and imparts elasticity to the worn-out frame, clears the skin, and leaves the patient fresh and healthy; a single bottle of this invaluable remedy is worth all the so-called Sarsaparillas in existence.

The large number of certificates which we have received from persons from all parts of the United States is the best evidence that there is no humbug about it. The Press, hotel keepers, manufacturers, physicians, and public men, well known to the community, all add their testimony to the wonderful effects of this GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER. Call on the agent and get an Almanac, and read the details of astonishing cures performed by CARTIER'S SPANISH MIXTURE. (In most cases where every thing else had signally failed.) The limits of an advertisement will not admit their full insertion.

W. S. BEERS & Co., Proprietors.
No. 304, Broadway, New York.
To whom all orders must be addressed. For sale by Druggists and Country Merchants in all parts of the United States and the Canadas, and by FISHER & HEINTZSH, Spartanburg, JOHN L. YOUNG, Unionville.
May 8 11 1y

Books! Books!
THE subscriber takes this method to inform the citizens of the Village and surrounding country, that he is now receiving a good stock of NEW BOOKS, at the City Store, No. 6, Main-street, opposite the Court House. A number of these are used in Colleges, Academies and common English Schools. A large variety of

MISCELLANEOUS BOOKS,
embracing HISTORICAL, BIOGRAPHICAL, GEOLOGICAL, MECHANICAL, Poetical and Musical works, of various sizes and prices. Some light reading (in the way of Novels)—RUTH HALL, Emily Fenn's writings; TOM JONES; COLEMAN'S HISTORY, &c., &c. BLANK BOOKS. A number of H. Y. M. BOOKS, used by the different denominations of Christians, together with a large assortment of

FAMILY BIBLES,
prices from \$2.00 to \$10.00; small BIBLES, from 50 cents to \$1.50 and \$2.00; TESTAMENTS from fifteen cents to \$1.00. PRAYER BOOKS, at various prices. Also a variety of small religious books, tracts and Primers. A good lot of Foodstuffs, Letter, Commercial and Note Paper. Envelopes from common to the finest styles.

Black, Blue and Red Ink.
NEW MUSIC FOR THE PIANO.
Between 500 and 1,000 new pieces for the Piano, from the best composers, the greatest variety ever offered in the city-country. We hope they will sell and supply themselves. I have made permanent arrangements with several large Book Houses in Philadelphia and New York, to exchange my Music Work—the

SOUTHERN HARMONY,
at CASI PRICE, for their Books, &c., at cash prices, viz., I will, therefore, be able to sell Books and Stationery lower than they have ever been sold in Spartanburg; and as I desire to do an entire cash business, if the people will call with my money, I think they will be satisfied that they can buy Books, &c., from me as cheap as they can (except all) in Columbia or Charleston.

India Chologogue.
AN unfailing remedy for Fever and Ague, and all other Bilious Diseases. The speedy and permanent relief afforded by this CHOLOGOGUE arises from the prompt and healthy action upon the Blood, cleansing it from bile and restoring it to purity. Thus striking at the root, its remedy is not simply to suspend disease, but to remove the cause on which it depends. Sold by
June 25 1885
FISHER & HEINTZSH.

Store House to Sell or Rent.
THE subscriber proposes to Sell or Rent one of the most eligible mercantile stands in the town of Spartanburg. The House is fronting both on Main and Church streets, the most public thoroughfare to either the subscriber or Gen. O. E. Edwards.
April 3 6 A. F. GOLDING

Machinery and Paint Oil.
JUST RECEIVED AT FISHER & HEINTZSH Drug Store
75 gallons Spring Strained Sperm Oil,
100 " Lined Oil,
100 " Castor Oil,
30 " Sweet Oil,
with a large assortment of Paints in Oil, Brushes, Dye Stuffs, &c., &c.
June 25 1885